

John R. Blalock was born in Condon, Oregon, but much of his childhood was lived on what is now called Borba Road on his parents' homestead about 4 miles east of Beaver. John's father, Reuben Young Blalock was a preacher who preached all over Tillamook County and throughout parts of Oregon and other states. John R.'s mother was May DONALDSON Blalock whose parents, Joe and Amanda SMITH Donaldson were very early settlers in the Tillamook area.

John R. went to China as a missionary and ended up in an internment camp in the Philippines. This is John Reuben Blalock's powerful account of his internment from January 5, 1942, to March 3, 1945, during WWII.

When John was about 90 years old he told my middle school students and me about his "Through Fire and Through Water" book about his internment and encouraged me to find a copy of the book to read. I recently found this story in 2023 and have reformatted it for the webpage and have made a few editorial corrections.

This story begins with a letter from John R. to his father, Reuben Young Blalock, after John R.'s rescue from the Japanese internment camp in the Philippines. db

Dear Papa:

I was happy today to receive your letter. Sorry you have not received my card. I have heard from others and also wish this letter to be a reply to them. Send no funds 'till I require them, as I am unable to plan the future yet. Would appreciate advice from home.

By now you will long have known of our rescue by the U. S. Armed Forces, an event the like of which is probably unprecedented in history. Suffice it to say I was among them. We were really at wit's end, starving, while our soon massacre was undoubtedly planned by the Japanese.

Yesterday morning I felt especially moved to prayer and before daylight was on my knees, not in petition, but thanking God that aid was at hand, though I knew not how. At daybreak while cooking my meager lot of unhusked rice, out of the sky fell the paratroopers. Bullets sped wildly through our flimsy barracks, and amid the spreading flames we were ordered to pack our valuables and leave. There at the edge of camp the astounding amphibian tanks were waiting for the women and children. Among many others I walked to the Laguna de Bay where the returning tanks picked us up and ferried us down the lake, arriving at our present refuge in the evening.

Last night my bunk mate, a Bro. Brooks, and I were reading our Bibles. His fell open at Psalms 66 and verses 11-12, "Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." It is surely a wealthy place here now, with good food and friends.

The last three years have been long and hard but God has a purpose in it all. I have done very little for Him. I have however improved my Chinese and gained victories in spiritual battles. By God's grace I still have a vision of a humble life, a greater fellowship and greater zeal, working with fellow missionaries new and old to a more effectual service in China.

I know your prayers have guarded me, and I have constantly remembered you. I enjoyed the nice letters from Ruby with the pictures of her baby. Would like another newsy one. God bless you all.

Your son,
John R. Blalock

THROUGH FIRE AND THROUGH WATER By John R. Blalock

The Chinese Incident, as the Japanese called that war, began July 7, 1937, and by the summer of 1938 all the large cities of North China and all areas along the railroads were under the control of Japanese forces.

Early in 1940 my uncle and aunt, Elder and Mrs. T. L. Blalock, with whom we worked together in the Baptist China Direct Mission, left China for furlough in the United States. I accompanied them to Shanghai and saw them board on the ship, then returned to the mission at Taian, Shantung. Miss Leola Woodley, recently come from furlough, was working out from Taian City, while Elder and Mrs. Charles Ballou were about ten miles away at Tawenkow, and Elder and Mrs. W. L. Randall and family were working around Tsingtao, a seaport on the east side of the Shantung Peninsula.

In November 1940 when relations between the U. S. and Japan suddenly became tense, a letter was sent out by the U. S. Consul warning all Americans to leave North China at once. Elder and Sister Ballou left for Shanghai where they boarded an American ship crowded with refugees trying to leave China. Sister Woodley went to Tsingtao, and a little later in the month she sailed

together with Bro. and Sister Randall and family for the United States, giving her assistance to Mrs. Randall with the children.

Of all the mission I alone was left to be responsible for receiving and receipting for the funds for the evangelists, for teaching in and helping to maintain the Taian Bible School and also for carrying on the evangelistic work.

Everything continued much as usual that winter and the following spring, then early in the month of August 1941, conditions suddenly were changed. The United States froze all funds sent into areas controlled by Japan, and the banks no longer could cash the checks that I received. I realized that I must leave China in order to receive support and continue helping the workers there.

However I found that I could not leave Taian. A travel permit from the Japanese military was necessary to travel anywhere, and they would not issue me one. Time and again I wrote to the U. S. Consul in Tsinan, only fifty miles away, asking him to intercede for me through the Japanese Consul there for a permit to travel to Shanghai for leaving China. At last, about the middle of October, I received this permit to travel on the railroad from Taian to Shanghai.

Leaving Taian I took with me three American children, Jimmie, Jackie and Sally Bateman, born of a Chinese mother and an American father, who were then in my care. Their father, an American soldier who had retired in Tientsin, had died in 1930 leaving them semi-orphans. The American Legion in Tientsin then began assisting in the education of these children. A Methodist missionary in Tientsin, who was associated with the American Legion, being a former army nurse, had sent them to school at the Methodist Mission in Taian. It was there that I met them, and we became friends.

When this Methodist lady left in 1940 for the states I continued to look after them, keeping them in school at my expense and having the American Legion's funds saved for use in their passage to America to take advantage of their U. S. citizenship. Now that I was leaving China to go to the Philippines, which was then American territory and under the American flag, I wrote their mother that I would accompany them to the Philippines if she wished, for they were back in Tientsin with her at the time. They all arrived in Taian in late September, and when my travel permit at last came through we were able to set out for Shanghai together. At that time, U. S. law required that a child born abroad with only one American parent, must live under the American flag for five years before his 21st birthday or lose his right to American citizenship. Jimmy was then 15, Jackie was 13 and Sally was just past 11 years old.

CHAPTER I

The Journey

On Friday, October 24, 1941, we left on the night train for Shanghai. Several Christians came to see us off in spite of dangers of being on friendly relations with Americans. It was like leaving dear loved ones to part with them. By the influence of a Korean Christian friend, a Japanese military interpreter, the whole station staff were made aware of our going and were all very courteous. We checked our baggage and departed without the usual intensive searches.

Saturday evening we reached Pukow on the Yangtse River after a long and tiresome ride. Two young Chinese businessmen, who made friends with the children, were exceedingly helpful. At Hsuchowfu by their help I quickly got all my money changed. North and Central China had been separated into two different governments by the Japanese, and the money was different. These men had often traveled this line, and they knew all the ropes.

After we had crossed the Yangtse on a ferry from Pukow to Nanking, that evening they treated us all to a delicious supper at a restaurant while we waited for the night train for Shanghai. It was cold that night on the train, and as we tried to sleep in our hard, third class seats, these friends of ours obligingly shared with us some fine, warm blankets they were carrying with them. Moreover when we at last arrived in Shanghai they assisted us in getting reasonable transportation from the railroad station. Their names are forgotten, but they were real "Good Samaritans" to us.

Sunday morning in Shanghai we went directly to the Elam House where we had reservations. It was a home for missionaries run by a missionary family named Savage, and not only was it well located, but it was also a place of congenial, Christian atmosphere. On Monday morning upon inquiring at Cook's Travel Service I found that a French ship was to leave for Manila on Wednesday and that the second class fare, their lowest class, was only \$40 U.S., but that this had to be paid in the equivalent of Chinese currency. The children had funds saved to cover their passage, but I had only drafts on American banks, which I could not cash anywhere. At last by the kindness of the Southern Baptist Missions office I was able to exchange enough checks to get money for my fare.

I had met several of their workers before who greeted me at the Missions Building in Shanghai.

Wednesday morning, October 29th, we boarded the French ship, "D'Artagnon," as it waited in the Whangpoo River. By noon, we were sailing lazily out the broad mouth of the Yangtse River bound for Manila and the Philippines, a new land with not a single friend or acquaintance to meet us there. However aboard ship we soon had many friends. A number of second class passengers were Presbyterian missionaries who had been compelled to leave Korea and Japan, and they were mostly spiritual Bible-loving people with whom we greatly enjoyed the fellowship of those days on the ship.

The weather was fine with the skies perfectly clear as we neared the tropics, and I can never forget those evenings on deck under the stars as we sang songs in English and in our various languages, the stories that were told, and the testimonies of God's love that we heard. Some of those missionaries were later to be fellow internees in the Philippines, and one of them, a very dear friend, was left to sleep beneath the sod at the edge of the burned and barren camp at Los Banos.

Assigned to the same table with us in the dining salon were a young Chinese lady and her little three-year-old son. She and Sally soon became friends, for Sally enjoyed watching after the little boy as he romped upon the deck. This lady's name was Mrs. Loh, and her husband was a representative of The Bank of China in Manila. She was quite concerned for us in going there with no one to meet us, and she gave us her husband's business address insisting that we contact him as soon as possible after landing, that he would help us in getting a place to live.

CHAPTER II

In a New Land

We arrived in Manila Sunday, November 2nd, 1941. The green shores and rugged, jungle covered mountains were a grand sight as we sailed into Manila Bay past Corregidor, the island fortress now so famous. Seemingly we were entering another sea, for this bay is one of the largest of its kind in the world. About noon we reached Pier Seven where our ship docked. After passing immigration on the ship and customs officials on the shore, we found a taxi which took us to a ramshackle old Chinese hotel where I thought we could

manage for a few days in spite of the dirt for the prices were fair and the food was very good.

That was our first night in the Philippines. I remember the giant cockroach I saw scurrying under my bed, a beast about the size of a mouse, which I took to be some kind of a tarantula. I had never seen cockroaches before. They were unknown in my part of the states and also in North China, and these were bigger than any I've ever seen since.

Not far from our hotel was The Luneta, as it was called which was an area of park and lawn that separated Intramuros, the old walled city, from our area called Ermita. That night we walked out there to hear a band concert, and we talked to some of the many American soldiers who had just arrived as reinforcements for the islands. They were raw and inexperienced, interested in enjoying the strangeness of this land but little realizing the terrible ordeals in their near future.

The next day, Monday, was my birthday, but I hardly noticed it. We went downtown and found the office of Mr. Loh of the Bank of China who received us warmly. He advised me to open an account with the National City Bank of New York, which I did. He also gave us help in locating a place to rent. I had wished to get a place in the Chinese quarter where I could do mission work among them, but he knew of no vacancies there. He advised me to look at a flat that was then empty in a house next to his in the Malate district.

That evening the Loh's all came to visit us at the hotel, and we had a very enjoyable time. Mrs. Loh spoke excellent Mandarin and Mr. Loh, whose Shanghai dialect we could scarcely understand, spoke excellent English, so our conversation was a mixture of English and Chinese.

On Tuesday we visited the flat next to the Loh's and immediately decided to rent it. By making partitions in one end of the large front room we made two bedrooms for Sally and her brothers, and the one small bedroom was left for my use. At first we slept on the floor, but within a few days I had purchased some cheap bamboo beds, a table and some chairs and had a gas plate installed, so we were fixed up for house keeping.

Jackie and Sally were soon entered in grade school, a public school not far away that was entirely in English. Jimmy was the housekeeper though we all assisted at cooking, washing dishes and such. We soon found the First Baptist

Church, a very spiritual evangelistic group, and we attended there. At times I tramped the city streets distributing tracts and talking to those I met, either in Chinese or English. The soldiers and sailors usually accepted the tracts given them, but the Chinese and the Filipinos were the most willing to discuss the question of salvation. We did, however, find a few of the service men who were Christians, who in spite of ridicule and trials were standing true to their Savior.

My neighbor, Mr. Loh, was not a Christian. I talked much to him of the necessity of trusting Christ Jesus, and though he made no decision in this matter his friendship seemed ever warmer toward us.

The only time we were ever outside the city of Manila before internment was the one day that we went with the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church for a picnic outing at Tagaytay Ridge, the high brim of a majestic volcanic crater that contains a lake as large as Crater Lake in Oregon. In this lake there was also an island on which more than a thousand people had once lived and farmed, but after the eruption of the smaller crater in the center of this island some years before that killed all the inhabitants, the government no longer permitted anyone to live there. This lake, called Lake Taal, was a glorious sight to see from the grass covered heights of the ridge, where the fringed leaves of bending coconut palms framed the view.

In Manila we enjoyed meeting and making friends among the missionaries of the Baptist Association for World Evangelism. They had established the First Baptist Church of Manila at that time and also had another large church in that city. Besides their work in Manila they had missionaries on Mindanao and several other islands of the Philippine Archipelago. They were spiritual and fundamental as to the great doctrines of salvation, for love of which the first members of their mission had broken away from the Northern Convention to continue a great work of saving souls.

There were some twenty million Filipinos, mostly Catholic, but by the American influence and occupation their standard of education had become high above most of the oriental peoples. We found them very friendly, hospitable to the extreme, to the most of whom Catholicism was merely a form of worship, and the fact that we were not Catholics made no difference at all.

The Philippine Islands make up a very beautiful country with marvelous scenery, wooded mountains, palm fringed bays, and green verdure all the year round where it is seldom too hot or too cold. In Manila we slept in an unscreened apartment without windows, only shutters, and free from flies and mosquitoes

because of the constant vigilance of the government health control. Seldom, but occasionally, a giant cockroach or other large insect would fly in through the wide-open windows.

With our neighbors we often walked of an evening on Dewey Boulevard along Manila Bay only a few blocks from our house where we saw sunsets unsurpassed in beauty by any other place in the world.

I was just getting acquainted with the city and the people and had just finished writing to folks at home and other letters to the workers in China with funds for work there when suddenly, as all know, war broke out on December 7, 1941. December 8th was the day in the Philippines. The schools were all closed, Baguio was bombed, and Manila seethed in preparation for the struggle.

CHAPTER III

Fall of a City

The day after the war began we sighted our first enemy planes. The children and I had just started downtown when the sound of the siren made us take shelter under a house. From there we peered out at the silvery forms of bombers high in the sky above. Antiaircraft guns near the city center began blazing away, the puffs of their exploding shells being visible in the air far below the high altitude at which the bombers flew serenely on. We counted seventy-two planes in that one flight. After they had passed over the city to the south the ground began to shake and rumble from the exploding bombs being rained upon Nichols Field, an air base not far away. We heard later that another flight at the same time had bombed the naval base at Cavite, several miles away across the bay.

When war started a blackout was ordered every where. City busses stopped and went into the work of transporting troops. Only the streetcars remained in service. We heard of landings by the enemy to the south at Legaspi, then to the north at Aparri and Vigan, later at Lingayan Gulf and at Batangas. We were surrounded. There were almost daily bombings of Manila and vicinity. Once we were at the American Consulate when the nearby port area was bombed. There were large concussions only about three blocks away, and the building we were in rocked as though by an earthquake while window glass came tumbling down. Many people were killed that day. Another time we were in a large crowd of people who lay for hours flat on the floor of the National City Bank building while the planes dove above the city and bombs thundered down along the Pasig" River and in Intramuros.

Before the end of December 1941, the US soldiers had retreated from Manila to take up a stand on Bataan Peninsula and on Corregidor, and only a skeleton staff of Filipino officials were left in Manila in order to surrender the city. When the soldiers left, all the supplies of military value in the port area were set on fire. Oil tanks were also set ablaze and burned for several days, the great pillars of black smoke drifting out over the bay adding a dark color of foreboding to the red evening sunsets.

Neighbors who had previously fled the city now began to return as the Japanese forces drew nearer, and with the departure of the U. S. Army there was no longer any American rule, nor was the American flag seen anywhere. While the piles of supplies on the piers burned people were permitted to come and gather up what they pleased. Soon the craze for loot began to increase until bands of Filipinos were going where they pleased along the streets breaking into shops and stores, first those of Japanese, but later those of Chinese and Filipinos, and carrying off everything of value that was moveable. It was a striking example of what humanity turns into when at any time the control of government is removed.

All postal communication with the United States had, of course, been stopped by the war, so the day after Christmas I tried to send a radio-gram home. They took the message but said they were about five days behind in their transmission work. When three days later the radio station was destroyed, I knew that my message had never gotten through.

The first Japanese arrived in Manila on January 1st, 1942, riding on bicycles. Others soon followed with tanks and trucks, and by the third day the city was pretty well occupied. On Sunday we started to go to the Baptist Church, but seeing guards on all the main streets we went to the nearby Presbyterian church instead. That day we heard that the Japanese had begun gathering up allied citizens, so we got things packed away in trunks and suitcases, preparing ourselves to leave at any moment. Then on Monday morning, January 5th, we heard the sinister sound of knocking at our door, and upon opening it we saw there three Japanese men who had come to take us away to internment.

CHAPTER IV

In Enemy Hands

When the men arrived to take us into custody that Monday they showed us a paper written in English that said we were being taken only for examination and that we would need only clothing and food for about three days. We believed them and left our suitcases and most of our things there in the apartment. We were taken by car to Rizal Stadium in south Manila where our names were recorded and our passports checked. Many other people were there, and we were all kept there until about noon. Then we were again taken by car across the city to the campus of the University of Santo Tomas. The grounds of this university were surrounded by a wall of masonry except in front where there was a high, iron fence. There were three large buildings, the Main Building, the Education Building and the Seminary Building. The Spanish padres had been moved into the Seminary Building on the south giving up the Main Building and the Education Building to internees, and as numbers increased the Gymnasium was also used. Besides these buildings there were two smaller wooden structures behind the Main Building, one of which was a dormitory and the other a high school. The dormitory was made into a camp hospital, and the high school became quarters for the women with small children.

When our group was crowded into the big Main Building there was at first much confusion and discomfort. Very few people had beds or bedding. We had none. An internee organization had been set up the day before with Mr. Earl Carrol, a Manila businessman, as head, and they were doing their best to bring order from chaos.

At first we slept on chairs, tables, benches or any furniture we might find in the former classrooms. Many people for want of a better place had to sleep on the hard cement floors. I borrowed a sheet to cover with at night and tried to keep my head under it, but I would unconsciously throw it off while asleep, therefore I was a feast for the many mosquitoes before morning. These insects were now swarming in the city because all mosquito control ceased with the beginning of war.

During the first few days of internment we were allowed by the guards to approach the iron fence in the front of the campus and buy food through the bars from Filipinos outside. I had about forty pesos, which began to go very fast because we could not cook anything and could only buy bread and canned goods. Many of the people had servants outside who cooked and brought food to them each day. At that time there were always crowds of Filipinos in front of the iron fence, some curious, some calling greetings to friends, some weeping, and there were also those who would buy canned food, ice cream or other good

things and give them away to the internees that happened to be near on the other side of the fence.

But this state of affairs lasted only a few days. Thereafter we were roped back away from the fence, and all packages could only be sent in and delivered after inspection by the guards. I could no longer buy anything. Besides my money was all gone. But to our surprise one day we received a fine package of canned goods from our Chinese friend, Mr. Loh, which he had been able to send in by a Catholic lay brother.

Soon a coffee line was started in the camp in the mornings, the work of the Red Cross, and some food of a sort was being served of evenings to those who had no outside connections to send them food. However even with this we were pretty hungry and losing weight.

February 1st, 1942, a central kitchen was opened in the Main Building, where everyone might obtain two meals a day. The camp was now becoming fairly well organized, trash was cleaned up, weeds were cleared from grounds behind the buildings for planting a camp garden, internee plumbers were getting toilets and showers installed so that the lines were no longer so long. Buyers went out every day, accompanied by Japanese guards, to get food and supplies for the camp. All this time they continued to use only funds that had been left in Manila by the American Red Cross. It was several months before the Japanese gave the camp any allowance to buy food at all.

As time passed the camp grew in population, and many of our missionary friends were brought in. Then the Japanese announced that they would release all the missionaries who wished to live on the outside. On January 15th, we were all questioned. I was told I would be released if I could get the Baptist Mission in Manila to stand good for my support. This I did not care to do, so I declined. We were able, however, to arrange with the departing missionaries for the care of our trunks and for our suitcases and bedding to be sent in to us. By this means we were all supplied with beds, mosquito nets, etc. I borrowed an army canvas cot on which I slept for the duration of internment.

The spring of 1942 was one of hopeful waiting. We felt sure our boys would be marching back soon. Radio broadcasts from "The Voice of Freedom" on Corregidor Island, copies of which were constantly smuggled into camp, kept promising that help was just around the corner. One night, January 28th, we were awakened by the roar of antiaircraft guns nearby, and in the night sky we

heard the drone of planes, a sound that cheered us ever so much, but that was the last we saw of U. S. power for over two long years. No longer could our great nation protect us. No longer could our many friends help us. We were separated from home, country and friends, but "There is a Friend that sticketh a loser than a brother," and He was with us still; for "Neither death-, nor life-, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our lord. "

(Romans 8: 38-39)

CHAPTER V

Impatiently Waiting

We had not been interned for very long before several men had escaped over the walls. Three of them were recaptured by the Japanese, and on February 15, 1942, they were all executed after they were forced to dig their own graves. All three were British. One man who escaped over the wall was an old hand in the islands, speaking the language well, and we never did hear of his being recaptured.

Through 1942 we became more and more discouraged by reports. First; Singapore fell, then Bataan, and finally Corregidor surrendered also. None of us ever gave up hope, but we began to see there was a long wait ahead of us. Schools were started in camp; grade school, high school, and college courses as well as many other subjects were taught. Jackie and Sally started to school and they all took an active part in sports. I helped them with their studies, and we also read daily a chapter together from the Chinese Bible.

Among the language classes that were started was one in Chinese, which was taught by a Mr. George Green from Shanghai of the National City Bank of New York. I assisted him some in the beginner's conversation and wrote out all the Chinese characters for the mimeographed lessons. This gave me some good practice in writing of Chinese.

That spring I was in the hospital a couple of times, the worst attack being from dengue fever. It is a very painful disease, but they assured me that it was not dangerous. Then I was assigned to a job on the sanitation crew in the kitchen, a very hot job of mopping floors and cleaning the giant rice pots, which made me

perspire a great deal. This was good for me, and thereafter I was never seriously ill again.

After a short time the missionaries outside the camp in Manila found that there were many restrictions on their work. All church work was brought under the control of the Japanese army department of religion, and they placed Filipinos in charge everywhere. They then called for a meeting of the heads of the various missions and gave them a paper to sign. Among the articles on this paper was one stating that the signer would give aid to the Japanese military whenever called upon to do so. Of the dozen or so leaders of missions at that meeting four refused to sign this paper. These were Mr. Fonger of the American Bible Society, Dr. Brush of the Methodists, Dr. Holter, head of the Union Theological Seminary, and Eld. E. C. Bomm of the Baptist Association for World Evangelism. A few days later these four men were suddenly picked up by the Japanese, taken from their wives and families and returned to the confines of Santo Tomas Internment Camp. In spite of appeals the families of these men were not allowed to come into the camp with them. It was near the end of internment before they were together again, and then only after two of these wives, Mrs. Brush and Mrs. Bomm, had suffered a terrible imprisonment and inquisition in the dungeons of Fort Santiago, the ancient Spanish prison within the walled city.

About the end of our first year of internment we received our first "comfort kits," one small package for each two persons and several cans of corned beef for each one. They had been sent by the South African Red Cross, and they were greatly appreciated. Later we received a package each from the Canadian and New Zealand Red Cross organizations. This was quite a let down for us Americans, for many had been boasting that our nation would take care of us and send us plenty of food, but not all things are possible, even to the great U. S. A. However at the end of two years we at last received large presents from the American Red Cross. They arrived just before Christmas in 1943, over forty pounds of supplies each in large comfort kits for the internees besides a great deal of other supplies such as clothing and shoes. Though nothing else ever reached us from the U. S. except one shipment of parcel post in which most all had a part, these supplies probably did an enormous amount of good in preventing even a greater number of deaths during the last year of internment.

Many times the Japanese talked of moving our camp to some other place, and we lived in uncertainty of where we would go next. All the places they mentioned seemed quite impossible for the great population of Santo Tomas, which had now increased to around five thousand. We owed a lot to an active

executive committee and camp leaders who did their best to see that food and sanitation were the best possible. Moreover our commandant, at that time a Japanese civilian, was to a degree sympathetic. But often we were moved about in camp, and as we slept on our narrow cots in the about four by seven feet of space that we for the time being could call our own we longed for a little security and permanence.

In May, 1943, the Japanese suddenly announced that they were moving our camp to the campus of the Agriculture College at Los Banos, about thirty miles southeast of Manila. Eight hundred men were to be chosen immediately and would leave that week to do the work of establishing a camp there. I was one of the men chosen to go with this group. After we had talked it over, Jimmy, now sixteen and grown to quite a young man, agreed to take my place while I would come on later with Jackie and Sally. The morning of May 11th, early before daybreak, we all assembled to tell them good-bye, expecting to be together again soon, but we had to wait longer than we thought.

Among the war prisoners that the Japanese had taken in the Philippines were twelve Navy nurses and sixty-eight Army nurses. The Navy nurses arrived in Santo Tomas first, being captured at Cavite near Manila, and they were well dressed and equipped with their belongings, but the army nurses were captured only after the fall of Corregidor, where they had endured a nerve wracking time living in caves while the Japanese bombs blasted to bits everything on the surface of the island. When these nurses arrived they were a tired and rough looking lot, but nothing seemed to daunt their good spirits. They were all like angels to us the way they worked in the hospital and dispensary, and I can never forget the wonderful care I received when I was sick in the hospital and how I lay awake at night with headache and fever while an Army girl still dressed in her only outfit of Army clothes and wearing big, heavy Army boots vainly tried to tiptoe quietly among the beds of the sleeping patients.

There were other nurses to whom we all owed much, some who were only practical nurses yet labored as hard as any. Some were missionary nurses. One was a Miss Earl, missionary to India, who won much praise for her untiring work. She was among those favored to be repatriated in the fall of 1943, traveling on an exchange ship to Goa, a Portuguese enclave on the coast of India. It seemed that all of those repatriated at that time were people in transit and were chosen by the U. S. government.

When the eight hundred men were moved to Los Banos the Navy nurses went along to staff the hospital set up there. At that time the Japanese were constructing a large group of barracks at that place, but those who first went lived in college houses and the gymnasium. We were able to send weekly notes or presents to one another, and though the food at Santo Tomas was not too bad yet, that at Los Banos was reported to be better still.

With the departure of this large body of men and Mr. George Green among them, the Chinese classes were left in my hands. There was a new class for beginners that I was teaching besides a class for advanced students. Because we had no textbooks for the latter and I had a number of Chinese Bibles and New Testaments we started reading the Gospel of Luke. It was an interesting class. The Chinese Bible is much easier to understand than the English is for the Chinese words are in general more descriptive, and the Chinese Bible is also in the common language of today while our English Bible is full of old and even obsolete words and expressions. In our class there were missionaries, a Christian Scientist, Eurasians, and one Indo-Chinese who was Mohammedan, but we all studied the life of Christ together.

CHAPTER VI

In a New Camp

Santo Tomas was getting more and more crowded with internees since those from the southern islands were transported to Manila. First they came from Cebu, then from Bacolod, Iloilo and lastly from Davao on the Island of Mindanao. Those from Davao arrived about the first of January 1944, and we were much interested in their tales of hardships. They had been treated much worse than we, and most of them were half starved. A missionary of that group who began work with me in the kitchen washing pots told us how that in their camp they had been so hungry that the pot washers would scrape every speck of mush out of the pots and eat it before washing them. We little thought that before the year was up we would be doing the same thing, but by the beginning of 1944 we were far from getting enough to eat, and our doctors protested to the Japanese authorities that our food was deficient in calories as well as other necessary properties.

In the latter part of 1943 the long awaited invasion of Europe began. Up to that time we had been receiving daily copies of the Manila English and Spanish papers, but with the landing in Italy and its surrender to the Allies these papers

were no longer allowed to enter camp. There was also immediate tightening up on the amount of supplies entering camp and all private communication with the outside was terminated. At this same time the Japanese printed Filipino money kept depreciating in value making it increasingly more difficult for our buyers to obtain food for the camp. The military was asked for more funds, but in vain. We began to grow fond of our rice diet and to even eat the crust that stuck to the bottoms of the pots after cooking. Beans had become so scarce that bean soup was now a delicacy.

In January 1944 the Japanese announced that a new control was to be placed over our camp. Thereafter we would no longer be run by civilians but would be directly under the control of the military with the same status as prisoners of war. They said that this would be to our advantage for it would give us a sure supply of food delivered to the camp and that they would give us all that we needed.

With the first of February the new order began. Our old commandant was gone, and the soldiers were now in charge. Roll call was thereafter every morning at eight and every evening at six, and sometimes it took more than an hour as we stood in long lines waiting to be counted.

Soon after this a large quantity of corn was brought into camp along with some vegetables and considerable fish. The corn was made into mush for breakfast and into hominy for dinner, but since many of the kernels of corn were occupied by large beetles the flavor was not of the best. The fish were all of a very small variety, and the best we could do was to grind them up scales and all and make fish cakes. Sometimes because of the lack of oil these fish were boiled, and then they were even less appetizing.

In March 1944 the announcement was made that five hundred more internees would be moved to Los Banos, and I immediately applied for Jackie, Sally and me to go so that we could be together with Jimmy again. The day of our transfer was April 7th, and we were all moved by truck. There were many families with women and children in this group for they were told that families would be able to live together there as a group. This they had not been able to do in Santo Tomas, where the buildings had only large classrooms, and these buildings were divided into sections for men and boys, while the mothers with little children were in another building in the back. This trip we were taking to Los Banos was for most of us, including myself, the first time to ever leave the confines of Santo Tomas from the day we entered there in January 1942.

At Los Banos we certainly had a much more beautiful location. The grounds of the camp at that time included the athletic field, gymnasium, hospital and several dormitories of the former University of Philippines Agricultural College. There were also twenty-eight long barracks buildings, most of which were still in the process of construction. We were scattered about in barracks or dormitories. The barracks that I was assigned to was divided into cubicles for two people each. Families of four or six were permitted to join their rooms together into a small apartment. They could also build porches as they wished over the outside entrances to their rooms, though these had to be of standard and durable construction. All of these barracks buildings were made with barn-like timber frames and roofed with shingles made from the nipa palm leaves. The outside walls were covered with a stiff, mat-like material called "sawali" by the Filipinos, which consisted of woven strips peeled from the outside of bamboo.

At this camp Jackie and Jimmy now had a room together. I had a half-Filipino boy for a roommate, and Sally was in another barracks for single women.

There was considerable land in garden at this new camp, and I immediately started to work there. We raised okra, eggplant, tomatoes, peppers and onions and a plant called New Zealand spinach. Our best supply of greens, however, was from the leaves of a native sweet potato called "camote." These vines grew very fast and could be picked quite often. But this garden fell far short of supplying the camp with its needed vegetables. Other supplies came in through the gate being received by our men from the Filipinos who brought them on orders of the Japanese. There the Japanese guards were always on watch searching carefully through everything brought in, yet almost daily notes were smuggled in from friendly natives with the latest transcriptions of broadcasts from Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay.

Up to this time several hundred allied nationals remained outside of internment in the Manila area. These were missionaries, some of them Protestant, but most were Catholic priests and nuns. In May 1944 these all were suddenly brought into our camp and placed in a section of newly completed barracks around which a high, mat covered wall had been hastily erected in order that they might not communicate with us. Our camp remained divided like this 'till near September.

With the advent of these new internees our commandant was also changed, and food supplies were greatly reduced. Our kitchen stopped cooking three meals a day and gave us what there was in two meals. We were now feeling very

pinched for food. Yet there was a goodly amount, moreover we could buy a number of things at our camp canteen.

In July 1944 it was announced that a crew of men were needed in cutting wood to supply the camp kitchen with fuel. 'Till then this wood had been bought from the natives. It was difficult to get men for this work, for it was hard, and few had the strength for such work, so for added incentive an extra plateful of food was promised these men at noon. After a time I volunteered for this work. I found it very hard at first, because I was not toughened in. About this same time the Japanese moved us all out of our barracks building to new buildings farther back in the camp. I was made to give up the nice room I had been living in with its floors and two person cubicle and move to another barracks without floors and only stalls off the center aisle in each of which six men were required to live and sleep. It was difficult to move while at the same time working on the wood cutting crew, and for several days I had to go as fast as I could from daylight 'till dark. Besides moving my bed and suitcases I had to take down and rebuild the little lean-to porch I had made for myself with its table and chairs as a place for some daytime privacy and study. There was also a tiny cook shack I had built of bamboo and thatched with palm leaves to protect from the rain, where I could cook the extra greens I might find or what I might buy at the canteen. However the hardest work was moving the little private garden of okra, egg plant, etc., which I had just started and which was doing so well. At the new barracks there was nothing but grass almost three feet high, which had to be cut. The ground was then cleaned and spaded up and all the plants set out again. None of the plants did well there though I worked hard at it. I was losing weight fast, for food rations were now not nearly enough to satisfy.

Sally also had to move to a new barracks for the single women, one much like ours, and I helped her to move. She was also hungry, so I divided the extra plate of food that I got at noon with her, and we would add to it any little extra of greens or such that we might find. Jackie and Jimmy had jobs connected with carrying the pots of food from the kitchen to the barracks, and for this they were able to get a little extra food, that is, they were permitted to scrape what little they could out of the pots after they were emptied.

About this time we began to see American planes pass overhead. The first was in August, 1944, when we heard a great rumble of exploding bombs far to the north, and as we gazed in that direction we saw the sky fill with the puffs of smoke from bursting anti-aircraft shells. The Japanese quickly ordered all of us inside the buildings, and we were kept on alert for many hours. Afterward there

was a blackout every night. Though we were hungry we were much encouraged as hopes for deliverance rose high. Days and days followed without any planes, then they came again, long convoys of bombers sailing through the clouds while escort fighters zigzagged above and below them.

When fall came we were all growing more and more thin and hungry. There were no more sports because we were cut off from the athletic field. Moreover no one now had the energy for such. Children were still sent to school, but their teachers were getting too weak to teach. I quit teaching Chinese for I had not the energy to walk to the barracks where classes were held.

CHAPTER VII

Days of Hunger

One day our wood cutting crew was waiting at the gate for our guards to arrive and escort us outside the camp to work when a lone American plane came slipping over the shoulder of the mountain to the northwest with its engine intermittently coughing and banging while it trailed a stream of black smoke behind it. As it passed over our heads we could tell that the pilot was keeping it airborne only with great difficulty for we could see that part of the wings was shot away. It barely cleared a ridge about half a mile to the south of us and then turned on its side to plunge earthward as a parachute billowed out from it.

The day was wet and rainy, but the soldiers immediately went out from the garrison at our camp to find the plane and pilot. They all returned later without him, for though they had found the plane and parachute, the pilot had already made good his escape. We learned afterwards that he was taken care of by guerrillas until the U. S. forces arrived.

As time passed we longed so for our boys to come. There were always two main topics of conversation in camp. One was food, and the other was any news or rumors as to where our forces might be. Among the many Catholic priests in camp, one became famous for a time because he had predicted when American planes would come, and three times he struck it right. When he predicted the Marines would arrive before the end of October a lot of folk were excited, and several stayed up all the night of October 31st. And even the next morning they were still expecting to see our boys come marching in. But they did not come, and we had many more long days of hunger ahead of us.

During all this time I continued to work in the wood cutting crew. In this work I was often able to pick up a few wild greens or something eatable to add to our meager rations. I could also bring in a few tree branches for fuel for us in our little clay stove. It became my habit to always keep my eyes open moving to and fro as I was going or coming from work out in the jungle ever searching the ground for any plants that could be used for greens. These I would pluck as quickly as possible whenever there was an opportunity because our Japanese guards gave us little time to loiter on the way. From others in our crew I had learned to always carry a burlap sack hanging from my belt into which I could quickly cram anything I might see and then fill the rest of the sack with wood.

I soon learned to recognize many things that could be used for food. The heart of the papaya tree is eatable when the outside skin is peeled away. These trees grew wild in the jungle, though we seldom found any with fruit. I was able to recognize the cassava plant from which tapioca is made, and a few times I was lucky enough to find a little of the root. Often we were able to pick some of the delicious leaves of the native "camote" or sweet potato. Once I found a large "ubi" a tuberous root, dark purple in color, which was delicious, and gave us some extra food for about three days. The slender heart of a banana tree I found to be tender and good to eat. I was able to get this a few times. I was told that the root of the banana tree was eatable, and one day while working near what had once been a garden now gone back to the jungle I was able to get two large banana roots while the guards were not watching. Eating them, however, was a disappointment. Cooking them did not make them tender but only turned them black, and after chewing a bite one had a mouthful of something like sewing thread and had to spit it out. There was no doubt a little starch between the threads.

We learned to eat many other things. I did not waste any banana peels that others threw away but cooked them with our food. Others in the camp were searching the gardens in the early mornings for large slugs, which they were somehow able to prepare and eat. One of the camp doctors led out in butchering the first cat. Others followed suit whenever they were able to get one. Then they began on the dogs that some had before been keeping as pets. Such pets were outlawed now by the camp government, but owners were loath to part with them or get rid of them until they began to mysteriously disappear, likely into some other person's cooking pot.

The winter of 1944 drew on, and we grew more and more hungry. Everyone was constantly talking and thinking about food. The work that I had to do kept me

from lots of this, but at nights we were confined early to our barracks, and since the American planes had bombed and destroyed the power lines we no longer had electric lights. There was nothing to do but sit around and talk about food. I usually went to bed, partly because I was so tired, and partly because this subject of conversation did not make me feel any better.

However there in bed I, too, would lie and think of all the many good things I had once eaten in America and in China. I would be carried away by memories of big basket dinners at the churches at home and of threshing time out on the farm when the table was heaped with the finest of good things to eat. In my sleep I would dream about such things only to awake all disappointed with a hunger more gnawing and intense.

After many days of this I learned to turn more and more to Gods Word, and I found to my pleasure in the Bread of Life a satisfactory antidote for the hunger of my body. Every evening I would take some precious promise to bed with me on which to meditate that I might no longer think of food, and in Gods Word and in communion with Him I found a joy in those dark hours.

While the mosquitoes hummed about the outside of the mosquito net surrounding my bed I found experiences with the Lord like those that inspired David in his flight from Saul to sing: "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips when I remember thee upon my bed and meditate on thee in the night watches: Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. "

CHAPTER VIII

Freedom

In November we heard rumors that the Americans had landed on the Island of Leyte. These rumors were often confirmed, but after three years in internment camp we had all become very doubtful of rumors. Later on, we heard that the U. S. forces had landed in Mindoro, not far to the west of the Island of Luzon. However up to now we had not seen anything but naval, carrier-based planes, which at times would pass over our camp in convoys with fighter escorts. Japanese planes were now almost never seen. Christmas drew near, and our rations of food were still further reduced. Camp representatives pled with the commandant for some extra meat or just something with which to celebrate this usually so joyful a holiday, but we were denied anything. A number of cans of

corned beef had been saved up by the camp for emergency use. These had already been partly used for hospital cases of extreme malnutrition, but it was decided to use some of them in our vegetable soup on Christmas afternoon. Each of us also had tried to save a little bit of what we might have for something extra on that day, but at best it was a very poor Christmas dinner. There were two thousand and two hundred of us, and as everyone searched for a few strings of corned beef in his portion of the vegetable soup that he received, many complained that they could find no meat in their cupful at all.

Nevertheless there was one event on Christmas day, 1944, that made us all to rejoice. At about noon our attention was drawn to two planes flying high in the sky that were different from any we had ever seen before. Their speed and their double tailed bodies quickly identified them as P thirty-eights of the U. S. Army, and we shouted for joy, for we realized that landings surely had been accomplished somewhere in the Philippines. We went about happier that day wishing one another a Merry Christmas, feeling it could not be much longer before we should be set free. On New Year's Day I opened the last can from our Red Cross kit of the year before. We thought, "They'll be here in a few more days anyway." But our Red Cross supplies of vitamins were now all gone, and the rice rations were now only 150 grams a day per person. People were dying every day of starvation, and we all wondered whose turn would be next. For me, after each day's work in the wood, there was just no more energy left.

The Japanese encouraged working in the camp gardens to add to our food supplies, and they gave 100 grams of dry rice extra a day to everyone who would work there for five hours a day. Sally quit school and went to working each day in the garden, and the rice she earned was saved for extra food which we cooked on Sundays, and it was also added to our food for Christmas and for New Years Day. There was also a kind of a weed that grew in the gardens that she and other workers could gather and use for greens. It had the appearance of American pig weed, but it had sharp thorns at the base of every leaf and at the forks of the leaves. I had learned that by clipping these thorns off with a scissors the plant could then be cooked and it made excellent greens.

During the first days of 1945 we could see that there were often bombing raids on the city of Manila to the north. Rumors ran through the camp that the U. S. forces had actually taken all the Island of Mindoro, and we noticed that the Japanese guards had now become very jittery. Often great thundering formations of liberator bombers would fly over us going north. Then on the night of January 6th I was awakened by the whispering of someone in our room. Word

was being passed to us that our Japanese guards had all fled the camp. I got up to see about it . Soon others arrived with the same news, then a messenger from the camps executive committee arrived. Everyone was awake by now, and we were thrilled to hear the announcement that the Japanese Commandant had called in the officers of our committee just before midnight and turned the affairs of the camp over to them. They then all climbed into trucks and departed into the darkness. We were free, though still in enemy territory. My, what a rejoicing there was that night! No one in camp went to bed again.

I joined a crew to get two big bamboo poles, which we spliced together, and before dawn in front of barracks number 14, our camp office, a flagpole towered. To our surprise, several people were able to bring out carefully concealed American flags. With the rising of the sun, we all stood happily with bared heads while the Star Spangled Banner was played and Old Glory floated out majestically on the morning air at Los Banos in the Philippines.

CHAPTER IX

Prisoners Again

January 7, 1945, was certainly a happy Sunday morning. Immediately it was announced that we would have three meals a day with the supplies that were on hand. Plans were under way to purchase meat, vegetables and other needed things from the Filipinos. We were told that the radio technicians in the camp were working fast with the materials on hand to try to contact our forces which we believed to be only a few miles away though overhead airplane activity was noticeably lacking.

The college lighting system was soon putting power through our lines again, and that night a great crowd of us was gathered at the office to hear the radio which had been connected to a public address system. We heard news from a new station on Leyte that told of fighting there on that island and on Mindoro, and of bombing attacks in the east. They also told about the war in Europe. We then picked up a short wave station on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay that gave the same kind of news. There was a talk on vitamin pills and their lack of real value, then a speech by President Roosevelt calling the people's attention to the gravity of the situation. No where was there any news of landings on Luzon, and it continued the same way the following day.

There were no guards about the camp now, so we didn't worry. A system of barter grew up around the gates as everyone started trading clothes, sheets or anything of value for chickens, meat and fruits. I didn't have any clothes to trade, but we had chicken several times. A part Filipino boy in my barracks was doing a prosperous business as a paid interpreter, but he couldn't stand to kill and dress a chicken, so I would do it for him. For this he would always give me a nice portion of the meat. We were also now getting much better food in our meals from the central kitchen, and some meat was added to it every day. We had all been so starved we were taking full advantage of the increased rations.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday came and went, meanwhile the Japanese guards were still absent from our camp. At times some soldiers would wander in and stare astonished at the westerners living so freely here. Once some officers of the Japanese military police came who were both surprised and indignant to learn that our commandant and staff had fled. This could not be allowed, they said, so they stationed a squad of men, about six or eight in number, to guard us and went on.

We might have done whatever we wished to them, but we thought, "What's the use? The American soldiers will be here soon to take them prisoners." They were harmless and very timid and took turns standing under the shade of a large tree directly in the front of the main gate, with their helmets and uniforms draped in fishnet camouflage, and if an airplane passed over they would cower farther back under that tree. They never hindered us in anyway, for supplies of all kinds were coming into camp through the other gates.

We on the wood cutting crew now had a picnic job. We cut no more trees, but just gathered up piles of lumber the Japanese had left, and sawed them up for wood. Finding all the Japanese soldiers had moved out of the college buildings not far from camp we went over there and carted in other piles of lumber. A few Filipinos were around, and they were all very friendly often giving us things.

Once some Filipino girls spread a nice lunch for us. It was boiled corn sprinkled with sugar. They spread clean banana leaves for plates, and of course we all ate the Filipino way, with our fingers. It tasted delicious to us, for no one had too much to eat, and sugar was a treat we had not enjoyed in a long time. These girls were quite pretty and as well dressed as any American girls. Moreover they spoke excellent English for Los Banos is a university town.

Rumors kept reaching us at this time about landings by U. S. forces at Batangas to the west of us. Then on Wednesday our radio finally gave us the news - a great landing was under way at Lingayen Gulf over two hundred miles to the north. This was disappointing but better than no landings at all. Our hopes had been that the soldiers would come from the south or west and quickly rescue us, but the facts were that the American convoy had fainted an attack on the Batangas coast on Saturday which was when our commandant and staff had fled. Then they sailed on north and landed at Lingayen Gulf instead.

Our camp government now issued to us out of the rice supplies on hand five kilos of rice for each person to keep for emergency. This was so that we might have something in case the guards returned and confiscated our camp's supplies. We were still in a perplexed condition. Several men in the camp who were old timers in the Philippines and who had Filipino wives and their families outside now slipped away into the jungles and departed. Even though we were getting a substantial increase in vegetables and fruits and lots of coconuts, we found no way to increase our rice supplies. The country round about had been pretty well stripped of all the grain of any kind. We could get no sugar, but not far away a mill was found where we were able to get two barrels of blackstrap molasses. This was stirred into the mush every morning giving it a brown color and a more tasty flavor.

On Friday as our crew were out searching for wood we ran into a band of guerrillas looting a warehouse filled with Japanese army supplies. They told us to take what we wanted, so we began carting the goods instead of wood into camp. We got several sacks of salt, more than a dozen large sacks of rice, one sack of sugar, a few large cans of pepper and several bundles of army blankets. These we all turned in at the kitchen storeroom where they planned to get them sorted and the blankets turned over to the hospital on the morrow.

But that night, Friday, January 12, our executive committee were rudely awakened out of their sleep by shouts, cries and angry voices, and they arose to find that the commandant, his staff and the guards had all returned bedraggled and tired from their journey and with tempers even worse. The commandant's right hand man, Konichi, who was in charge of all supplies, immediately went to inspect the stores on hand. His eyes opened wide at all the army supplies piled in the kitchen. Even every bag of rice had the Japanese army stamp on it. But he was quite willing to accept the explanation given him that we had found the guerrillas carrying the things off so we had just tried to save some of the supplies for them. He said it was very good.

CHAPTER X

More Perilous Days

With the return of the Japanese our food rations were quickly reduced to a smaller portion than ever before, and we soon lost what strength we had gained during the six days of freedom. Deaths from starvation began to increase again. As many as three would die in a day, and extra crews of men were kept busy all day long digging the graves in the hard ground, a sort of adobe stone a few feet below the surface.

Some very dear Christian friends went home to glory in those days. One day I heard that a friend, Bro. Blair, a former missionary in Korea, was sick in the hospital. I felt very weak and tired at the end of that day, and I determined to visit him on the morrow. But the morrow was too late. I found he had already departed this world. He was a true Christian and a humble servant of the Lord, whom I expect to see again some day when we see Jesus.

Now the Japanese would no longer permit us to leave the camp confines to get wood, and we could only cut down the trees inside. It was very difficult to get out of them enough wood to supply the kitchen, and it also cut off the opportunities for me to get the wild weeds and greens for food that I had previously gathered outside the camp. Most of the trees in camp were a variety of African acacia that produced long bean-like pods. People were now gathering these and eating the beans inside. I tried them and found them eatable and also nourishing after boiling. With the dry, ripe ones I made a hot drink by parching them until they popped open and turned brown, then boiling them in water. Since everyone was now gathering these beans we were seldom able to get many of them.

I was no longer able to get weeds for greens, but Sally would hunt for "pig weed" as we called it, near the fence and along the edge of the camp garden where she worked. These areas were now out of bounds to all except the garden crew, and she would bring in a bucket of weed greens every day. However we were hungry especially for any kind of protein foods. Twice I was able to get a fine fat rat to eat from a friend who had a rat trap. When cleaned and boiled in rice soup it was tender and tasted like squirrel.

Several men had escaped from the camp at night through the double barbed wire fences, so now we were made to stand in line for roll call every morning at

seven thirty and every evening at six. The barracks in which I lived had lost more men than any other, for we were in the back and right close to the fence, and almost all in it were young and single. Others of the men and boys would often slip out at night through some cleverly concealed holes in the fence to meet with Filipinos and carry back food supplies either for themselves or to be sold to others at extremely high prices. Those who had money were now paying enormous prices for very little food. A coconut, which in ordinary times cost no more than a few cents, now sold in camp for five dollars American money. The Japanese printed money had now depreciated in value so much that no one wanted to handle it. Our camp canteen seldom had anything to sell except a little garlic, and the internees would stand in line to buy that.

One morning we heard a couple of quick shots near camp, and we later learned that a man had been shot and killed as he was trying to slip back into camp with a little sugar. His death was instantaneous, and his body was turned over to us for burial. In spite of such dangers a few others continued to slip out and bring in supplies, principally to obtain the high prices that they sold for. One night several young men were outside. Friends in the barracks by the hole they crawled through had agreed to sit up playing cards and by their conversation inform them of any Japanese guards in the vicinity. Most of these young men came back together, and learning from the conversation of their friends that it was unsafe to enter they skirted the camp and slipped in another way. However, the last of them came later alone. Not knowing the hole was watched, he was shot by the Japanese guard as he crawled through. There he lay helpless until far into the day. No one was permitted to approach him or give him any aid. He rolled about in agony, but could not stand up or walk. Late in the day the commandant ordered him carried to a gully near by where he was killed by a bullet through the head, and we were warned that now if anyone escaped from camp he would be shot when caught, whether he returned voluntarily or not.

During the latter part of 1944 I had been troubled by infected sores on ankles and legs. My clothes by now had gradually worn out or gone to pieces, and all I had to wear at work was a pair of blue denim shorts. An old pair of army shoes that I bought at the beginning of internment had fallen to pieces in the mud of the previous summer, so I went with the other men to work out in the jungle bare headed, bare backed and bare footed, feet slipping and sliding in the mud and among the vines as we carried the large pieces of wood on our shoulders back into camp. With others in like condition I worked in the sun or the rain, falling, trimming and sawing up the trees for wood. Sometimes we would fell a tree that was a nest for large ants that immediately swarmed all over the ground. But we

were compelled to cut it up anyway. We would rush in and chop or saw for a short time until the ants had covered our bare legs up to the knees, then we would run from the tree and try to scrape all the ants off with our hands. After that we would rush in and start chopping or sawing again. In this kind of work my ankles and legs were often bruised and skinned, and the ever-present flies kept them infected. I would tie rags around my ankles to try to keep the flies away.

Medical supplies in the hospital clinic were now exhausted, and they could give me nothing for those sores. They had no disinfectant, not even alcohol. But they advised me to soak the sores with hot compresses. This I did every morning and evening, and it was effective in healing them, but they were continually scratched again and again infected. I had to keep at using the hot compresses for a very long time.

In the palm thatched lean-to I had built on the side of my barracks I had a small place of privacy where I could go in the early morning with my troubles to the Lord. He gave me the strength I needed for each day. Often I was near despair. I would plead with God to pity the dying all about, the starving, hungry children, and I begged Him to send rescue soon.

CHAPTER XI

More Hard Times

During January 1945, conditions in our camp became progressively worse. Rations were reduced and the corn supply cut off completely. In order to stretch the meager supply of rice it was now cooked with lots of water while being stirred. It then turned into a pasty soup that the Filipinos called "lugao." Even then we were told our rice supplies could last only till February 15th at this new, reduced ration rate, but of course we all thought that we would be rescued before then.

As days passed by people were dying more and more frequently. Some on the other hand had private supplies of hoarded food that might have saved lives. Some were now buying extra supplies of rice from the Japanese soldiers and selling it to other internees at greatly increased prices. Such was against the camp's regulations, but when the Japanese soldiers were willing to sell to them it was hard to do any thing about it. Some soldiers, those on guard at the gates, could get in extra food. They would not take money for this food, but they wanted either of two things, wristwatches or diamond rings. Before long

everyone who had such valuables was trading them off for food. Then soldiers and even higher officers began coming through camp offering to buy wristwatches or rings with a little rice, a few coconuts or bananas. It seemed that the Japanese then cut down on the food supply even more in order to make better bargains for the things they were buying.

The fifteenth of February came at last. We had thought surely we would be rescued before then, but we were not, and our supplies of rice were all gone. We were told that there was no more rice for us but then the Japanese did bring to camp a supply of rice in a form called by the Filipinos "palay." This is rice still in the hull, just as it is thrashed out of the heads. Unlike wheat, rice has a hull that cannot be rubbed off in the hands, in fact it is very difficult to remove. The women of the Philippines use a large wooden mortar and a pestle to pound it off. In our camp there was no equipment of this kind, and there was no way that the central kitchen could prepare this kind of rice for eating. Protests were made to the commandant but in vain. At last, after a couple of days, this rice was issued to the internees individually to do with as best they could. The ration for each one was about 250 grams, measured out in a can about the size of a small sized tuna fish can. At first I could do nothing with it, but I learned from others that by spreading it on a board and rubbing a wooden block upon it, in a couple of hours of hard and tedious work of rubbing and blowing away the hulls I could get that bit of rationed rice cleaned, yet the resulting rice was only about half the original amount.

Very few vegetables were now coming into the camp, and the garden workers were gathering all that they could find eatable to go into the soup still made in the central kitchen and doled out to us each evening. Even all the banana trees were cut down and the tiny hearts removed to go into the soup. We were desperately trying to keep alive just a few more days, hoping that we would be rescued before we all starved to death.

North Manila had already fallen to American soldiers. The Japanese told us so. Some of them were quite frank with us, and a number were friendly and hoped to be taken prisoners. This was especially so with the civilian workers in the commandant's office. They all had armbands made with "noncombatant" written on them which they expected to use in an emergency. We began to hear heavy gunfire all night long off in the north, telling us that the battle was drawing near. American planes flew everywhere without opposition. The lake, the Laguna de Bay, which stretched far to the north and east and could be seen from the higher parts of camp, was now made clear of all boats. One night in the rain and

pitch darkness a scout for the American forces crawled through the fence and contacted members of our camp committee securing information on conditions and then made his way safely outside again. From him and others newly issued silver coins were brought in and shown round among us secretly, which raised our hopes higher than ever before.

Again our wood cutting crew was working outside the camp, but we needed to gather less wood for there was only soup to be cooked in the kitchen. Some folks were tearing up floors and breaking up furniture for wood to cook their small supply of rice. Though we had much less work to do we had far less strength to do it.

By February 22nd many were dead of starvation, and for the rest of us there was a vague feeling of imminent danger. Our wood cutting crew was out that day as usual, but now we were cutting trees near the camp so that the wood could be carted in by hand carts, which was a lot easier. We were all so thin and weak that we could not do much work, and our Japanese guards were kindly and sympathetic. Seeing a woman with a basket of coconuts passing by on a road, one of our guards went and bought a couple from her which he gave to us. He even loaned our crew boss his bayonet to use to chip the meat out of the shells. Each of us got a drink of the water from the coconut, and the meat was divided and eaten very gratefully. Meanwhile our guards warned us that if we should see the superintendent of supplies, Konichi, coming, we must throw the coconuts into the bushes, for if he found out what they had done they would be in big trouble.

When we started back to camp that day with our carts full of wood several P38 planes began bombing and strafing just over the ridge north of us. Every circle that they made carried them out over our heads, and our guards made us wait under some buildings. By this, we were delayed in getting back to camp, and everyone else had received their supper of soup before we arrived. I began immediately to clean my small portion of rice and had just finished when darkness caused me to stop. Blackout regulations prevented me from doing any cooking until morning, so more hungry than ever I went to bed. Again with the Word of God I crowded out the hunger pangs. I was thinking upon Philippians 4: 6, "Be careful for nothing but in everything, by prayer and thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." It seemed to say, "Don't worry about anything, but when you ask of God, don't forget to thank Him." Then I began thinking over my blessings that I could thank God for, and I was able to think of a great many.

For one thing I could thank God that my legs were seldom swollen like most of those suffering from beriberi, and the sores on legs and ankles were at last all healed up. I had also received a new pair of canvas shoes sent in by the Philippine Red Cross a month before. They were two sizes too large but much better than going barefooted, and there was a large pair of knitted socks to go with them. And the children, Jimmy, Jackie and Sally, were all well. They had grown to be strong, self-reliant young people and were no trouble at all. I was very proud of them. As I lay in my bed that night and thought of all these blessings and of Christ Jesus who died on Calvary, saved my soul and had been with me all the way each day, I began to rejoice and to be much ashamed, for I had not been thanking Him as I should have. I then determined in my heart that the next morning, when I had morning prayer in my little, private lean-to, I would not ask God for one single thing, but I would offer only a prayer of thanksgiving.

CHAPTER XII

Deliverance Is Come

I was up before daybreak the morning of February 23rd, 1945, and in my private prayer place. I thanked God for all His goodness to me, for my health and strength through the trying days, for healing the sores on my ankles and legs, for the new shoes, for fellowship and comfort and His cheering Word and all its promises, and for my Savior Jesus Christ who died for my sins. I also thanked God that rescue was coming soon, though I did not know when.

With the dawn of morning light I had a fire started and my little handful of rice on the stove cooking. It was seven o'clock, and in the areas between the barracks other fires were burning as other internees were stoking their little clay stoves to prepare breakfast. Then suddenly we saw coming out of the north several large planes flying low and fast. As the first one flew past our camp from an open door in its side several soldiers came dropping in quick succession, their parachutes opening and lowering them into a field below. The same thing happened as each of seven or eight planes flew over. In a moment our stares of astonishment were changed into shouts of joy. Those still inside the barracks came running out to join us in the shouting and rejoicing. Rescue was come! It is wonderful to be saved.

Our rejoicing as we saw our rescuers coming down can be compared in a small way to the shouts of the saved who are loosed from Satan's bondage by the

blood of Jesus Christ, and can say as did David, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

While we were still shouting rifle fire was heard sounding out from somewhere near the front gate of the camp. We learned later that most of the Japanese garrison had been out there on a section of paved road doing their morning calisthenics as was their custom every day, while unknown to them a band of Filipino guerrillas was hiding close by in a jungle-filled gully. This band of guerrillas entered the camp together with the paratroopers, wiping out most of the Japanese garrison as they did so. Soon we saw a big American soldier come walking down the aisle of our barracks with a tommy-gun in his hands, followed by a number of little Filipinos all armed to the teeth and with rifles almost as big as themselves.

Around the camp the several guardhouses now were under attack by our soldiers. Each guardhouse was surrounded by a high bank of earth, a good protection against rifle and machine gun fire, and on this day the guards seemed to all have machine guns which we had never seen there before. They began spraying the camp with a deadly fire. We all lay flat on the floor and took cover as best we could. The mat sides and palm leaf roofs of our barracks were no protection against bullets, but what saved us was the roughness of the grounds outside.

It was perhaps an hour before the machine guns in the guard houses had been quieted by means of mortar fire or by hand grenades, and during this time I crawled out several times to replenish the wood in my fire to keep the rice cooking for I thought we should have to eat anyway.

When the fighting died down, and the last of the Japanese had either been killed or driven into the jungles, the soldiers came through the barracks again telling everyone to pack their most valuable belongings into a small bag or suitcase and prepare to leave immediately. We were all to assemble at the college athletic field just outside the camp to the north. In a few minutes I was on my way with my suitcase on my shoulder, and not having time to eat my rice I poured it into a tight lidded can which I tied up in a napkin and carried with me. At Sally's barracks I found that she had already packed and gone, and I found that Jackie and Jimmy had left their barracks also. There was quite a crowd of us as we surged along the camp streets. On one side was the barracks that had housed

the Japanese soldiers, and it was burning from one end to the other. On the other side of the street another barracks was in flames about half of its length, and between these towering flames we all walked sometimes having to dodge the pieces of burning palm leaves that drifted down upon us. We knew that the whole camp would soon be gone.

When we drew near the north side of the camp we could hear the rumble and roar of great engines. The double barbed wire fences there had been crushed flat to the ground, and in the open field outside we could see a large number of giant, caterpillar-treaded vehicles something like army tanks. In the front of each one sat two soldiers, one the driver and the other with a large machine gun. A tall, switch-like antenna also protruded into the air from each one. When they had all swung around and lined themselves up, the rear ends of each tank opened and lowered to the ground like a drawbridge giving a view into their barge-like interiors. By their wet sides and the water trickling off of them I realized that they were a kind of amphibious tank troop carrier, something I had read about in a mechanic's magazine before the war when it was considered a sort of inventor's pipe dream. These amphibious troop carriers or "amtracks," as they were called, had come through the waters of the Laguna de Bay during the darkness of the early morning hours timed to arrive at our camp just now in order to take us out from behind the Japanese lines.

In the crowd of internees that were milling about I soon found Jimmy, Jackie and Sally. All were so happy and so interested in talking to the soldiers, who seemed to be having just as grand a time as we were. The paratroopers, who had arrived first, were all a part of the 11th Airborne, U. S. Army. Because there were not enough of the amtracks to carry all of us in one trip, they asked for the sick and the women and children to get in first. After that as many of the others as they could carry were permitted to go aboard. I saw that Jimmy, Jackie and Sally were all able to go. I remained behind to walk with about six hundred other internees together with the paratroopers and the Filipino guerrillas down the road toward the Laguna de Bay. I struggled along carrying two suitcases, Sally's and mine, and they seemed to grow more and more heavy along the way.

The sun was now high and hot, and I was both hungry and thirsty. Beside the road ran a small stream of water, very dirty, and I did not dare to drink of it. As we walked through the little village of Los Banos the people all came out to greet us. One shopkeeper was handing out coconuts to all who would accept them. I took one eagerly and gratefully for in it were pure water and also food. Soon I had cracked the coconut on a rock and was drinking the sweet water

from inside. Then while hurrying to keep up with the others I tried to pry out some of the meat to eat, for I had still had nothing to eat that day nor the night before.

CHAPTER XIII

Out Into a Wealthy Place

After a walk of an hour or more we reached the shores of the lake called the "Laguna de Bay" which is probably thirty miles long and empties into Manila Bay through the Pasig River that runs through the center of Manila. Along the beach there were many coconut palms and also other trees, and a few Filipino cottages set high on stilts. While we were waiting an old man came by with a pot full of cooked rice and a large banana leaf. Bowing and smiling he offered of his rice to each of us, which we gladly received, dipping out some of the rice onto a piece of the banana leaf. This rice was most delicious tasting to all of us, for we had eaten nothing better than lugao for many days.

The amtracks had of course been long gone when we reached the beach, and it was past noon when we saw them returning, roaring slowly along amid much foam, for they were propelled through the water by using the great cleats of their tracks like paddles. We were all lined up in groups of thirty ready to enter each one quickly as soon as it came ashore. The soldiers informed us that our position there was now very dangerous, and the Japanese might attack at any time; therefore we must leave our suitcases on the beach taking with us only passports and our valuable papers, and if possible, they said, our suitcases would be picked up another trip.

When each machine reached the beach it swung around and let down the rear gate, and then as soon as it was filled to its capacity of thirty standing people it took off again into the lake. This was all done very rapidly. It came our group's turn to embark, and we quickly clambered aboard. When we began to plow through the water it seemed the tenseness of our waiting left us, and we could now relax. One of the soldiers up front opened a large wood crate and tossed us each a box a little bigger than a box of cracker jacks, and inside these boxes we found cans of meat loaf, biscuits, ham and eggs, a candy bar and I believe also a stick of chewing gum, which tasted extremely delicious to all of us.

When that long line of amtracks came ashore we found a large number of soldiers and trucks waiting for us, and in these trucks we were carried several

miles to the town of Muntinglupa. Here the modern buildings of the Philippine government's New Bilibid Prison were being used for refugees and also as the Army's Twenty-First Base Hospital. These large buildings with their well-guarded grounds were a place of safety very necessary at that time, for many Japanese soldiers were still hidden about the country.

Upon entering this refugee camp I saw a sign saying, "Register Here," and having given my name and nationality I was assigned to a room. Afterwards I quickly joined a long line that extended all the way to the far side of the camp. This line moved slowly along until I entered a doorway with the sign, "Kitchen," over it. Inside we were given plates, knives, forks, and spoons, then we continued on to where soldiers were ladling out dipper fulls of mashed potatoes, hot meat stew, slices of delicious white bread with butter, coffee with sugar and cream, and canned peaches for dessert. My, how we did enjoy that meal. There just wasn't enough of it.

Upon going to my room that night I found a British missionary, Mr. Brooks, and his two sons had been assigned to the same room. Because we were friends and both missionaries we chose beds along side each other for the sake of fellowship. They were double decked cots, and one of Mr. Brooks' boys slept in the cot over me and one over his father. Before retiring for the night we took our Bibles to read a chapter. Mr. Brooks opened his to the sixty-sixth Psalm, and we began reading a verse about. As we read we were thrilled to discover that the words were almost describing our experiences of that day. Then we came to the 12th verse and read, "Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads." Men had come riding over our heads that day and had dropped from the air to rescue us in a manner we had never before even dreamed of. "We went through fire and through water." We had also gone through fire that day, between the burning barracks of the internment camp with flames on either side and burning brands dropping around us. We had come through water out across the Laguna de Bay in a way we had never before even thought of. "But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place. " We thought of the delicious food, the new clothes and other things that we had received that evening, and Brother Brooks and I dropped to our knees as our hearts overflowed with gratitude to God, who was thus showing us that it was His power and not man's that had done these great things for us.

CHAPTER XIV

Home at Last

Late in the evening of the day of our rescue we received the suitcases that had been left behind on the shores of the Laguna de Bay near Los Banos. The men had returned in the amtracks and had recovered all the baggage we left there. I was very happy for in my suitcase were the few books and pictures that remained of life in the land of China and also of school days and early life.

The internees from Los Banos had many days ahead to remain at this base hospital and camp for refugees, but all the while they were eating the nourishing food and gaining strength. The rows of two storied, dormitory-type buildings formed the sides of a square around a wide open field on one side of which large tents had been set up with beds for wounded soldiers, most of whom were able to walk. We enjoyed visiting with them and hearing them tell of their many exciting experiences.

The battle for Manila was still going on, and we were close to front lines on either side of us if indeed there were any front lines. Bands of Japanese roamed over the countryside. The forts on Corregidor prevented ships entering Manila Bay. Therefore all supplies for our area had to come by truck in long convoys down from Lingayen Gulf. They skirted the east side of Manila City where they very often had to fight a way through. When the Japanese made a counter attack this supply line was cut completely, and for several days all our supplies had to be brought in by air, being dropped into this center field with colorful parachutes.

I did not stay long in this camp however. After a little over a week had gone by it was announced that all single and unattached men who wished to might leave for the United States the following day. After talking it over with the three Bateman children, we agreed it would be best for me to go ahead and arrange a place for them in the United States, and they would come on later. They were all together on one passport.

I quickly got ready, and early next morning our group of about fifty men were taken by truck to Nichols Field in the edge of Manila City. Not far away we could see the battle in progress, and even while we waited the shells from Japanese guns were exploding on the far side of the airfield as they vainly strove to destroy it.

The day was Saturday, March 3, 1945, and near noon we took off from Nichols Field in a big, lumbering C46 transport plane, sometimes called the "flying

boxcar." After flying over the city we landed briefly at Quezon City airport then again took to the air and headed westward. We could plainly see the smoke and explosions down below, where fighting around the Intramuros continued on. Our plane then landed for fuel on Mindoro Island near San Jose, but because of bad weather we were ordered to remain over night, stopping there in a transient camp.

Because the weather did not improve we had to remain in Mindoro over Sunday, but on Monday we were again in the air, and after a couple of hours we arrived safely on the Island of Leyte, landing on the beach near the town of Tacloban, and trucks took us to another transient camp.

The beach airstrip at Tacloban was made of steel mats fastened together. This was the location of the first American landings in the Philippines, and we were told then that this was the busiest airstrip in the world. For long distance 'round about there had once been a forest of coconut palms, but now they were almost all just tattered trunks. Open spaces had been made by bulldozing the trees into great long piles, and buildings had been quickly set up. Because of much rain there was mud everywhere.

Here at this camp we were all completely outfitted in army clothes, and we ate the regular army food together with the soldiers staying there; so we began to gain weight fast. We all could still never get enough to eat, and everything tasted so good. We could not understand how the soldiers could get a mess kit full of food, eat a few bites of it and then throw the rest into the garbage. They all complained of the taste of the mashed potatoes and also of the eggs made from powdered egg, but we never found anything to complain about.

After about a week in Leyte we were all taken down to the beach where along with many soldiers on furlough we went on board an LST. This ship could have carried many trucks or tanks or other heavy equipment, but this was a load of people. In it we were taken out to our ship anchored in the bay, the army transport USS Admiral Capps, and we all climbed on board. There we waited another three days at anchor before our ship sailed.

Escorted by two destroyers and all the while constantly zigzagging in course we slowly made our way south. The escort of destroyers was with us until we reached the Island of Manus, which is one of the Admiralty Islands lying north of New Guinea. From there our ship launched out alone on the broad Pacific and increased its speed to twenty knots which was not nearly fast enough for the

many passengers so anxious to get home. Besides our group of men there were quite a number of former internees from Santo Tomas on board along with hundreds of homesick soldiers, sailors and also Marines all going on furlough. Though our quarters were cramped and hot yet spirits were high as every day we drew nearer the good old U.S.A.

After about ten days on the ocean we reached Hawaii, and there our ship paused outside Pearl Harbor long enough to take on FBI and Immigration officials. Then it continued on its way toward the mainland. We were all examined and passed by these officials before we reached San Francisco, so we met with no delay when we came to land.

April 8, 1945, was the day we saw land. The morning began with showers of rain but later cleared away to reveal the coastline ahead, and then the beautiful white buildings and clean streets of San Francisco came into view. There also we could see the high towers of the Golden Gate Bridge losing themselves in the bunching clouds. When I had last seen this bridge in 1936 it was yet uncompleted. The bell for breakfast was ringing when we sailed through the Golden Gate, but no one went below, and just as we passed under that great span a loud shout went up from all on board. We were home again!

Someday before long I hope to be sailing in through another Golden Gate, that gate to our heavenly home, and then I believe I shall hear a shout such as I have never heard before.

Inside the bay a launch loaded with waving and shouting people came up alongside our slowly moving ship and everyone crowded to the rail to look down at them. With difficulty I was able to squeeze into a narrow space where I, too, could see, and I tried to examine carefully from my position everyone on the launch. I thought perhaps some of my folks might be there, perhaps my youngest sister, Ruby. My father, now 78 years old, I thought would be too old and feeble to come. I could see no one that seemed familiar, though an elderly man with a hat raised his arm and waved hopefully. I thought, "Well, after the ship docks I'll just catch a bus over to Concord to where the folks live."

After the gang plank was lowered and we were permitted to go ashore I was down on the pier in no time with my bags ready for inspection, then suddenly out of the crowd my own father rushed up and threw his arms around me. Though older, he was still well and strong. The customs inspector shook hands with him, marked a quick OK on my bags and let me go. Outside a car was

waiting with friends to take us over to Oakland, where the Missionary Baptist Church was having a fellowship and a basket dinner that day. I was asked to speak for them, but I could say very little. There are joys impossible to express, even as Peter says of the joys in Christ Jesus: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing.. YE REJOICE WITH JOY UNSPEAKABLE AND FULL OF GLORY. "

"All things work together for good to them that love God." This is a promise that I feel sure is true. Some may think that those days in internment were terribly hard, but I think that sometimes we have met with harder trials here in the homeland where we have had trials of false friends and deceivers in the work when those whom we had loved turned against us. But I am able to rejoice in it all for we have been made to lean harder upon that Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I am forced to realize that He is the only source of strength and that I and any other true missionary as well as true Baptist Churches are all sufficient in Him, our Lord Jesus Christ. (Col. 1:10)

Thank God for the trials. They are often the richest treasures that God can give us in this life. The apostle Peter has said, "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than gold that perisheth." --(I Peter 1:7) Now I understand, and I believe that I would not take even a million dollars for the trials of my faith.

CHAPTER XV

A POSTSCRIPT

Less than a month after I reached home from the Philippines we were informed by the Red Cross that Jimmy, Jackie and Sally Bateman would be arriving at Los Angeles harbor on a transport loaded with former internees from the Philippine Islands. The newspapers were full of stories about this ship, and I was there to meet them when they arrived. I expected them all to return to Concord with me, however Jimmy, who was now 18 years old, had been persuaded by friends to stay in Los Angeles and get work there, for there were plenty of opportunities at that time. We told him good-bye, and Jack and Sally returned with me to my father's home.

Thirty-five years have now passed by since the spring of 1945, and I'll try in a few words to tell what has happened to Jim, Jack and Sally Bateman, who came out of China with me and went through three long years of internment.

Jimmy, the oldest, soon had a good job in Los Angeles where he worked steadily, and in about a year he had married a girl whom he had met in internment camp. I didn't know it at the time, but this was probably the reason he wanted to stay in Los Angeles. Jimmy and his wife had three children, two boys and a girl, who are all grown. He has now had sorrow come into his life, for his dear wife passed away after a very serious illness. He has always kept his home in the Los Angeles area, and he now lives in Downey, California.

After arriving at Concord, Jack, the second boy, found a place to stay with Bro. and Sister Inman while he attended high school and also worked part time. That summer at a Youth Rally in Antioch, California, both Jack and Sally made professions of salvation, and Jack became a leader of the young people. At the California State Association at Taft, in the spring of 1946 Jack met Dr. G. D. Keller, who persuaded him to enter Jacksonville Baptist College, Jacksonville, Texas, in the fall of that year.

Jack had barely been in school three months when it was discovered that he had active tuberculosis, and he had to enter a sanitarium in San Antonio, Texas, where he remained flat on his back most of the time for 18 long months. He was back in school again in 1948, and in 1950 he married Miss LaTrell Johnson, a fellow student from Lubbock, Texas, who had graduated that spring. LaTrell worked and helped Jack to complete another year following which he went two years to Wayland Baptist College in Plainview, Texas, graduating there in 1953 with a B. A. degree.

In 1953 Jack and LaTrell Bateman with their first child, John, went out to Taiwan as missionaries of an association now known as The Baptist Missionary Association of America, and except for furloughs they have been there ever since. God greatly blessed them in their work for Jack had perfect Chinese pronunciation and also a wife thoroughly dedicated to the work. God also blessed them in the home, giving them four more children, Paul, Mark, Ann and Bruce. Their children are now all grown and after the last furlough Jack and LaTrell went back to Taiwan alone.

Sally Bateman, the youngest, at first stayed with my father and mother in Concord and went to school. Later she stayed with my sister, Ruby and her husband helping to take care of their two little boys while she continued in school. The winter of 1946-47 Sally came to Portland and stayed with Mary and me at the home of Elder and Mrs. O. N. Opsund, and there she continued in high school through the following spring. She then worked in Portland until winter,

when she went to stay with her brother, Jimmy, and his wife in Los Angeles. While at Jimmy's home she met a sailor boy, William Morgan, from Missouri, and they were soon married. When he got out of the service he took her to his home in Missouri where she found in his kind parents a father and mother who loved her like a daughter.

Bill and Sally settled in Kansas City where he had a job connected with the automobile business. They prospered and were able to buy a nice home while God gave them three lovely daughters, Clydie, Debbie and Marsha, and one son, Bill, named after his dad. Sally's husband was saved under Jack's preaching while he was home on furlough. Then their children were all saved also, and the whole family became active in Missionary Baptist church work. The children are now all grown. Two are married, and there are several grandchildren. Bill Morgan's company moved him to Houston, Texas, a few years ago, and now all the family lives in Texas.

About the time that Jack Bateman went out to Taiwan he was able to contact his mother again, and he found that she was married to a German businessman. To escape the Communists they moved to Hong Kong, and there Jack often visited her, her husband and little daughter, his half sister. In 1970 Sally's church friends helped raise the money for her to fly to China and spend several days with her mother. She found it hard to talk to her, her mother knowing little English and Sally having forgotten all her Chinese. Nevertheless it was a joyful reunion for both of them. A couple of years ago their mother and her husband, Mr. Erich Benda, retired to Loorach, Germany, where their daughter had been studying in school.

This year a joyful event occurred at Dallas-Fort Worth Airport on February 17th, when Mr. and Mrs. Erich Benda arrived there by plane from Germany, Mrs. Benda to see again all her children, most of the grandchildren and many of her great-grandchildren. Earlier in the winter Jack and LaTrell Bateman had been called home from Taiwan because of the death of LaTrell's father, and Jack had used the opportunity to make the arrangements for this family reunion.

Jimmy flew in from Los Angeles, and Bill and Sally Morgan drove up from Houston, so that all were able to be together for several days in Arlington, Texas. This was Jimmy's first time to see his mother in 39 years. You may be sure there was a joyous celebration before the Bendas flew back to Germany a few days later.

Looking back, I remember so well the first time I ever saw Jimmy and Jackie. Jimmy was playing table tennis with some students at the Methodist Mission School in Taian, while other students were standing about looking on. One boy exclaimed, "The foreign devil doesn't play bad, does he:" These two boys with their long Chinese gowns looked little different from the other students, however they were set apart and would always be " foreign devils. "

Some friends advised me not to become involved with these children, however from the day I first came to know Jim, Jack and Sally Bateman I have found them to be the most independent, self reliant and dependable of young folk. Moreover their personalities have been such as to endear them to all who have met them. I was young and single and far from qualified to be a guardian for them, but God has had a hand in their lives, and He has made me to rejoice and to thank Him for them.

I could go on and tell of my own experiences since 1945, of meeting Mary in Kentucky and of our marriage in Ohio, of our three boys and of the years spent in the land of Japan preaching the gospel, the wonderful good news of Christ, to those people, and of many other experiences since then. But that is another story.

THE END.

Except for some revision and the addition of the "INTRODUCTION" and " A POSTSCRIPT, " this account is the same as was published in installments in "The Forerunner, " edited by Eld. W. A . Reese, Science Hill, Kentucky, in 1946, and in the "Orthodox Baptist," edited by Eld. J. Cullis Smith, Ardmore, Oklahoma, in 1953.

First Edition -300 Copies
Prepared in 1980
Published, November, 1981
LANDMARKS of Baptist Faith
3718 S. E. 27th Ave.
Portland, Or 97202